

## princess by Reblomakr

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**Summary:**

Steve Harrington has a big dick. And Billy can admit that he likes that.

## princess

### Author's Note:

drabble so there's mistakes!!

It'd be really fucking easy to pin Harrington down and fuck him until he was red in the face, mouth hanging open to let loose a constant string of noises. Billy's dick got hard just thinking about King Steve on his stomach, naked, with his ass being shown off to the open air. Billy always seemed to be the one doing the fucking with everyone he's ever been with. He wasn't even a huge fan of someone riding his dick, he didn't like handing that power over to anyone. He wanted to set the pace and control the situation completely. What he liked and his past combined, it was logical to assume that Billy was proudly holding Steve down and fucking his ass until he was about to cum (he liked pulling out to come on someone's ass or over their stomach).

Only, that wasn't how it went between them. Billy definitely started kissing Steve with the idea to fuck him, until he had Steve's dick pressing against his.

Billy learned something about himself when he started fucking Steve Harrington. He really liked big dicks. And he used to think he was big, he definitely surpassed all the guy's he's seen- until Steve. Until Steve goddamn Harrington, whose dick was thick and long. It hurt like a bitch the first few times they had sex, and it did whenever there was longer than a week between their 'sessions'.

Harrington didn't have the strength to keep Billy down. Instead, he got his hands on rope. The bed in the guest room, a short way from Steve's room, had four poles that stuck up at the corners. And King Steve, the boy scot that he was, utilized it to tie each of Billy's limbs into a very limited range. Most of the time, he looped his wrists together and sat on the back of his thighs to keep them down- unless he bothered to wrap the rope around his calves and ankles. Most of the time, when the rope was being used, it wasn't.

Control was taken from him, but Billy really didn't give a fuck with

Steve's dick pressing into his prostate and into his fucking *guts*, making him feel like a living sock just being used to get Steve off. He came once and it was game over for him, but Steve liked keeping himself on the edge so he could fuck Billy for as long as he could until the pleasure was *so good* that it hurt.

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"Well, King Steve?" Billy taunted, back pressing against the cold, damp tiles just a few feet from his locker. "You gonna fuck me, or punch me?"

Steve rolled his eyes and pressed his hands around Billy's waist. He was too gentle to bruise the skin, but there was enough pressure for it to register in Billy's head as something more than an irritant. He rolled his hips forward, dick brushing against the tenting cloth of Steve's way-too-short shorts. Steve guided him back and shoved himself forward, slamming their lips together.

The kiss wasn't neat, their tongues sloppily twisted outside of their mouths and spit dripped from Billy's mouth down his chin. "You're such a slut." Steve sighed, affectionate, when he brought himself back a little and examined the other teen.

"Thanks." Billy said.

Steve moved his fingers down from his waist, rubbing his palms over his hips and pulled the lower half of his body forward. He grabbed at Billy's ass and groped with as much as he could before he registered it as 'too hard', massaging it and feeling the muscle and fat.

"You have a butt kink." Billy chirped. He cackled delightedly while Steve rolled his eyes.

Billy turned himself around when he was told, pressing against the tiles while Steve pulled his ass cheeks apart from each other. He leaned forward and licked his hole, gathering as much saliva as he could and spreading it on. He sunk his tongue inside and pushed forward, pressing it as deep as he could. Billy groaned, low and deep straight from his chest, it made Steve's dick throb in anticipation.

Steve didn't take long to prepare him. He exchanged his tongue for three fingers after barely a minute, but they'd just had sex yesterday afternoon when they skipped their last block to fuck at Steve's place and be back in time for Billy to drive Max home.

When Harrington finally pushed his dick inside of him, Billy let out a high-pitched moan and shoved himself back before he was pushed back against the wall. He whined and pouted, but obeyed and let Steve set the pace.

Steve rocked into Billy slow and careful, dick tugging at his rim and pressing deep inside of him. Sometimes, Billy imagined that if he leaned the right way, his stomach was bulge out with Steve's dick shoving its way through him. He sometimes about getting impaled so hard that he could taste in the back of his mouth, but feeling the vibrations rock their way up was enough.

Steve panted into Billy's ear. "If I'm the king, *ah*, you're the princess, yeah?" He let out a loud moan and quickened his pace, thrusting harder.

It didn't take long for them to orgasm. Steve came inside of Billy, pulsing out a heavy load to Billy's howl as skin finally tore and blood began to trickle. Billy followed seconds later, when Steve considered to thrust until he was completely empty.

Billy panted heavily. He whimpered when Steve pulled out and cursed.

"Shit, I think you tore." Steve said, watching the cum seep out of Billy, mixed in with the blood and examining the bit of red that'd spread itself onto his dick.

"Pretty fucking sure." Billy agreed, keeping himself from sliding to the ground by using the wall as leverage. His lower back tingled a little bit, but nothing special. He could feel the burn, though, and the sparking pain spread in his ass.

"I'll help you clean up." Steve kissed the back of Billy's neck.

Billy's knees were shaky and his legs felt like jelly, but he loved

leaning against Steve and bet he'd be hard again in a few minutes while Steve cleaned the semen out of him.

**Author's Note:**

the 50th fic I post onto this account is this. i don't know what else i could've expected from myself tbh